Loose

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/1419502.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Warlord!AU, Alternate Universe, Shameless Smut, Seer, Seer!Will, Warlord!Hannibal, PWP, not really anyway
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Warlord Verse
Stats:	Published: 2014-04-05 Words: 1,053 Chapters: 1/1

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by orphan_account

Summary

Will cannot predict when the third eye, placed deep in his mind, will awaken. At times there are signs of its arrival. Drowsiness will begin to sink in and his body will loosen considerably as if he has been slipped drugs.

This is not one of those times.

Notes

Well, this basically for Luvkurai and her Warlord!Au. I've already submitted it to her but thought, why not put it here as well?

Will cannot predict when the third eye, placed deep in his mind, will awaken. At times there are signs of its arrival. Drowsiness will begin to sink in and his body will loosen considerably as if he has been slipped drugs.

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He, along with Hannibal and the rest of his soldiers are all gathered for the parting dinner ceremony. In the next morning Hannibal and his men will leave for their next conquest. Hannibal suspects the journey will not be easy. Word had come that rival clans were planning attacks among their land and were making way. No matter the alcohol and merriness, the stiffness would not leave the room.

There is a slight chill in the air tonight and Will cannot help but shiver as it slips up the thin, near sheer material of his robes. Hannibal is sitting up at the front, a glass in hand, and waves Will to him when he picks up on his arrival.

Will smiles at his lovers' ability to remain calm in such potential danger. It still worries Will. The last vision had been vague in detail of what was to come and had left Hannibal frustrated.

Halfway to down the walk way Will is hit with a wave of what could only be described as water. It presses through his body and drowns him in warmth. He gasp loudly, it echos through the night even among so many others, and drops to his knees. He can vaguely here Hannibal calling his name but his mind is under water and his body taken with the power of the gods.

"Beware the men painted in blue..." The vision flashes like lightning, leaving trails of smoke that he must follow. *"Over the hills that will rise and with intent to take what must not be theirs..."*

"What do they intend take?"

The question floats into Will's mind slowly. It is soon pulled under into the depths of his minds.

"The thing all men desire. One thing that will grant them the power only gods may have..." His breath quickens and his body loosens and twists in the ritual dance. *"Blood of men shall be shed but of whose cannot yet be said..."*

A hand is running through his hair, tugging at the small braided curls.

"What must be done?"

"Follow the path east of where men go to die and you shall find the power of gods but prepare for battle before the night ends..." The control of his body and mind are relinquished back to him but the after effects of the vision will linger on for another several hours.

"Hannibal?" Will takes in a shaky breath. Hannibal is already gathering him in his arms and lifting him off the ground.

"Shh, my darling. Relax now." Hannibal's voice is low and his warm breath tickles his cheeks. He looks up to his men, calm and composed. "Eat well my men. Tomorrow's journey will not be an easy one but the gods have spoken and we must prepare. Eat well and rest until it is time to depart."

The journey back to their sleeping quarters is not long and Will is thankful for the nightly chill that cools his overheated skin. Hannibal enters their tent and gently places Will onto the animal's furs and other soft materials. The cloth and furs rubs and tickle his skin. Will arches his back at the sensation.

It does not take long before Hannibal is on top of him, naked from the neck down. His skin is hot and his touch burns. Will nearly purrs when warm, wet lips begin to mouthing up and down his neck.

Will lifts his arms, heavy with exhaustion, one to tug Hannibal's hair and the other to grip at the space between his shoulders.

"What a tease you've been tonight," Hannibal nearly growls with passion and growing arousal. "Moving your body in such ways in front of me and my men."

The fog has not yet left Will's mind, only slowly drifting out. He cannot even manage to string a few words together. He is too far gone, lost in pleasure and exhaustion.

Hannibal trails his fingers along Will's side, spreading warm oils across his skin before reaching his cunt. Will gasp and squirms as the sensation. His body is too overwhelmed and sensitive after the visions he knows he will not last very long at the pace Hannibal is going.

Hannibal pushes in two fingers at once, spreading him and prepping him until he is ready. He brushes Will's sweet spot once and then twice, teasing him.

Will's breathing is gaspy and shallow now. "Hannibal, please..."

Hannibal smiles against his skin and kisses him once more just below his ear. "Yes, darling..."

Hannibal pushes into him with no warning. Will eyes nearly roll back into his and he has to bite his lip to stop himself from screaming with such pleasure as he arches his back off the bedding, earning for more of his lover. Hannibal spreads him wider, pushing one leg higher up his waist and the other over his shoulder. He bites the juncture between Will's neck and shoulder.

"Scream, darling. Scream for me."

Will does as told. The scream echoes through his ears and suddenly Hannibal is speeding up his pace, hitting all the right places at once. He is wild and precise in his movements. Will is losing what is left of himself in the pleasure and does not try to retain it.

He lets himself spill out. His toes curl and his breath hitches as his lungs burn for air and rest. His hearts beats like never before and Will briefly wonders if this is what it feels like in the midst of battle.

Hannibal is sent over the over the edge only minutes after. He rides out his orgasm in Will's oversensitive cunt making Will squirm with over stimulation. Will feels a hand brushing sweaty curls of his forehead and then Hannibal is kissing him deeply, biting at his lips and licking away the blood Will had drawn earlier.

Will's eyelids are heavy with sleep and he cannot force them to keep them open much longer. Hannibal smiles down at him and finally pulls out, semen and oils following.

"Good boy."

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